LA SALLE

INSTITUTE

1941

.... SOUVENIR ....

Senior Class Dinner

given by

Class of 1941

Riley's at Saratoga Lake

Monday Evening, June 9th

1941

SENIOR POLL

	First	*Second*
Best Looking Senior	Donald Pemrick	James Hanrahan
Wittiest Senior	James Barrett	Paul Mahoney
Most Intelligent	Neal Dean	Emmett Green
Best Dancer	Ray Finnan	John F. Benson
Best Dresser	Joseph Cannon	Clinton Mochon
Best Athlete	Joseph L. Welch	George Audette
Best Rider	Mike Maloney	Philip Reilly
Best Actor	Clem Carmody	James Kirby
Best Officer	George Mailloux	Bernard Dwyer
Best Personality	David Griffin	Joseph Abbott
Best Physique	Joseph Roulier	Ned Dougherty
Favorite Hangout	Jerry's	Paul's
Favorite Sport	Football	Basketball
Favorite Period	Lunch	P. T.
Favorite Subjett of Conversation	Women	Foreign Affairs
Most Likely To Succeed	George Yamin	Homer Poupart
First To Marry?	John MacKenzie	Jim Fitzgerald
First To Make A Million?	Don Morrissey	Lawrence Bizzarro
What Is Your Favorite Song?	Star Dust	My Sister and I
Who Is Your Favorite Author?	Kenneth Roberts	Robert Burns
What Will Happen To Your Books After Graduation?	Conflagration	Confiscation

History of the Class of 1941

by James Hanrahan

A class history is truly a graphic picture, for it portrays the progress made by a group of individuals who form collectively to achieve scholastic success. That progress, commencing with the immature Freshman and ending with the well-rounded Senior, is not accomplished in three easy lessons, but rather by four years of earnest endeavor. Just as joy and sorrow, success and failure make life a pageant, so our brief span in La Salle has run true to form. As we review the events of the past four years, what seemed a drab prosaic picture in the process of its making, now evolves as a colorful panorama.

It was in the fall of 1937 that we made our first contact with the fervent men who were to mould us into Christian gentlemen. We thought such a thing impossible; yet to them we represented no unique problem. We were a conglomerate group of yearlings representing every part of the area — north, middle and south Troy, Cohoes, Watervliet, Waterford, Mechanicville, Schenectady, Saratoga, Green Island, Eagle Mills, and even Latham Corners.

We were especially favored in that we were the first class ever to occupy Notre Dame Hall. There we were introduced to that venerable old gentleman who seemingly had become a part of La Salle, Brother Bernard Julian, and his kindliness was the medium through which we were changed from nervous, self-conscious registrants to complacent Freshmen. Without his guidance, many of us would have long since fallen by the wayside. In time of trouble and distress we still recall the edification of that worthy man.

Things began to happen and to happen quickly. A schism had been made in our ranks. Two classes had preferred the Fourth Street building to the beautiful campus of the newly-acquired annex. Eager for the opportunity to don a uniform, we lived in happy anticipation of our first drill, but when the eventful day arrived most of us were embarrassed by the insignificance with which we were regarded by the upperclassmen. Before the first drill day was over we had come to regard the military in an entirely different light. Brothers Ralph and Cletus and Mr. Root composed the

teaching staff and we were for a time, awed by their presence. This attitude soon wore off and we became acclimated to our surroundings.

Sports occupied a great deal of our attention. Freshman football, basketball and handball enjoyed highly successful seasons. Joe Welch and George Audette entered the charmed circle of three-letter men, with Joe Abbott and Hugh Kolenberg occupying no small niche in the athletic limelight.

Following our predecessors' example, we placed a majority of our men on the Freshman honor roll. Dean, Hopper, and Mailloux forged to the front by virtue of their amazing scholastic records, never to relinquish that lead.

Brother Ralph organized a press club and out of this humble beginning developed the mighty *Plebe*, official organ of our class. Roulier, Carpenter and Dwyer distinguished themselves in this field and later became the three top men on the *Cadet* staff. Sometimes too, when the spirit moved him, Paul Mahoney came around to do some work on the little publication.

Frank Hutton also served to elevate our extra-curricular standing as he led the riding club to numerous equestrian triumphs. You may remember that it was in our Freshman year that this famous division of our regiment had its start, first with a few horses only and now grown to a mounted troop division.

Having paraded a number of times at football games, we became accustomed to the military and gave a splendid account of ourselves both at the Mid-Winter and the June Drills.

After that difficult Freshman year was over, and ten weeks of summer had passed, school reopened for us in the fall of 1938. As we started anew in the time-honored building downtown, our serene outlook was disturbed by the hubbub of activity within its walls. Mr. Fullaytor took the wind out of our dignity with his frequent and not altogether unpleasant flurry of words. We did not know what half of his prodigious vocabularly meant, but we assumed his words were intended as "phillipics".

At this time too we felt somewhat small at the jeering of the upperclassmen in assembly as Brother Raymund extolled our merits; however, we in turn took it out on the incoming innocents.

Sophomore teachers were a bit more strict. The "2E" boys thought themselves among the elite as they lounged in the luxurious penthouse on the top floor, while poor "2F" was reduced to penury as it shuddered in the cold, dark dungeon termed the dugout. The "A", "B", "C" and "D" boys made up the bourgeoisie, residing on the first two floors and bearing the brunt of the upperclassmen's hazing.

Our accomplishments that year were many. We lived up to scholastic expectations and our record in all lines of endeavour continued to be enriched. Many boys achieved prominence in the military field, being charged with the responsible positions of guidon bearers. Captain Forgett relinquished his duties as military instructor to Captain Fletcher, who in turn gave way to the heretofor silent Lieutenant O'Donovan. However, he did not remain quiet long and miscreants were constantly subjected to fierce tongue lashings, delivered in the third person and with a great deal of malapropism.

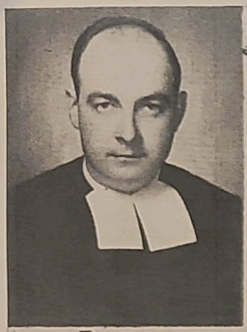
The annual mid-winter drill was as usual a marked success and we seasoned veterans were somewhat disdainful of the weak-kneed Freshmen, who couldn't stand the gaff and fainted.

Our extra-curricular activities again stamped us as a versatile crowd, for we placed members in the Camera and the Rifle Clubs and upon the *Cadet* staff. Our marks still surpassed those of all classes that had gone before.

The redoubtable Brother Anthony with his southern drawl, Brother C. Bernard who was just a wee bit nervous, Mr. Murphy with his pack of 5's for the asking, Mr. Castellano, tanned and toughened by the Mediterranean sun, and Mr. Derrivan, who hailed from Pittsfield, certainly provided us with pedagogical variety as we trudged the uphill path to commencement.

Soon June brought the half-way mark in our high school career, and we left for a summer of convalescence.

The following fall we reached the light whose rays had been shining on us for the past two years, the light of upperclassmanship. We were no longer naive and timid strangers, but rather men of distinction and poise. We were Juniors.



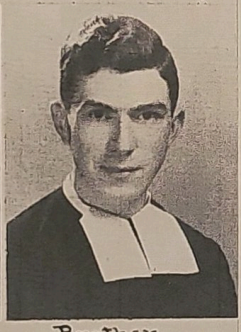
Brother
Amedy John

Brother Raymund

Brother
Bernard Henry

Brother
Bartholomew John

Brother
Brendan Patrick



Brother
Aquilinus John

Brother
Barnabas Edward

Brother
Adelmar George

Brother
Albeus Patrick

Here again we changed teachers and met men who were to play an important part in our battle to overcome the long-dreaded obstacle — Regents. Brother Albeus Patrick greeted us with his quaint New England accent, willing smile and fanatic desire to flood us with shorthand homework. Brother Aquilinus John impressed us with his conscientious method of teaching. We felt sure, however, that he could never surprise us with tests, for the pungent odor of ether which could be detected from afar, announced infallibly the approach of mimeographed sheets and sent us scurrying to our text books.

Brother Henry not only taught us French, he taught us everything. If ever we desired information and were indifferent about personal research in the lore of the library, we merely asked Brother Henry.

Brother Edward literally squirted Physics at us with his realistic demonstration of Pashal's law. We'd better not mention the jokes, for he is sporting a new electric battery these days.

Mr. Fullaytor's strange mixture of psychology, English III and "colloquial" expression classes, were indelibly stamped on our memory during this year.

From our ranks filed forth the men who led our football team to its brilliant season. Conscious of the fact that commissions were not too distant, we had a large share in the development of the regiment.

Our silent drill in the annual affair at the armory proved to be the highlight of the evening. Even now we yearned for the night when we would take the floor garbed in the colorful uniform of Cadet officers and brandishing glistening sabres to parade before crowds of relatives and friends. But that dream was never to be realized, because Hitler had stirred up a nasty mess in Europe which endangered our own national integrity and the government said "No" to its drill shed being open to the public.

The Dramatic Society received one from our class in its contest work, and Andrew Dwyer journeyed to Ithaca to play a part in the championship presentation, "We Shall Meet the Dead". Our class, too, took over the *Cadet* and proved themselves sufficiently adept at Journalism to merit the "All-State" award at Syracuse.

Brother Colmas Edmund
Captain J. J. O'Donovan
Lieutenant W. C. Preston
Brother Charles Borromeo
Brother Camillus Ralph
Eleanor G. Fullayton
Hazel Cummings
Brother Brendan Matthew
Brother Arnold of Jesus
John. A. Brady
James J Culver
Brother Albian Benedict
Thomas F. Fornum
Sergeant Donald T. Simmons
William F. Murphy
Emery Fullayton

The innovation of feneing brought wide spread acclaim upon our amateur foilsmen when they defeated all the best blade weilders in the area.

We really reached the top of the social ladder when we staged one of the most picturesque proms in the school's history. The drab gymnasium took on the entirely new scheme of a southern colonial ballroom and we will always be indebted to the committee which provided us with such a memorable evening.

But time waits for no man and it was not long before we reached another June. As we watched the preceding class receive its diplomas, our nonchalant attitude suddenly changed to one of seriousness as we realized that before long we would be facing the tremendously important battle of life.

In the fall of 1940, we returned a changed group. On the surface our attitude was still "toujour gaie", but in our hearts we found an inexpressable feeling of difference. This attitude, however, did not terminate in a stalemate, but made for an increased vigor in all activities.

After some days of nervous tension, the commissions were finally announced. Donald Pemrick was appointed to the coveted post of Colonel, wiith Andrew Dwyer, second in command.

Pemrick later proved how admirably fitted he was for the position by his heroic attempt to rescue a drowning lad from the freezing waters of an ice covered pond.

This year, La Salle enjoyed its first undefeated football season. "Swivel-hipped" Tommy Donovan and "Mammoth" Pete Doyle were offered scholarships to many leading universities because of their pigskin prowess.

The Cadet players again achieved success before the footlights with their production of "Room Service". Homer Poupart excelled in the leading role and was ably assisted by Kirby, Andrew and Bernard Dwyer, Pemrick, McGirr, Mahoney, Yamin, Mailloux, McCarthy and Carpenter. "The Dictator Comes Home," a one-act play, won first and second honors at Ithaca, being played by two distinct casts from La Salle. Clement Carmody and Andrew Dwyer received scholarships, and James Kirby was given honorable mention.

Clinton Mochon was this year the student coach of fencing, and brought the team through a victorious season. Mailloux and Kirby were on the speaker's platform, with the rich voiced George winning the Manhattan Scholarship. Then there were three boys from our ranks who captured first, second and third places in the Patriotic Essay Contest. They were: George Yamin, Neal Dean (who, by the way, got that 100% in Latin Regents when he was a Junior) and James Hanrahan.

We danced in a Venetian setting at the Junior Prom and it was not without a bit of wistfulness that we gathered at the Colonie Club for our Senior Farewell Ball — the last dance in uniform. As much as we disliked the formality of wearing it, there is no one who will say he did not experience a pang of sorrow when the orchestra played the last dance and we knew that in a few days the uniform and us would be forever parted.

We are wondering just how many scholarships we will capture, but we are confident that the number will prove a record breaking figure since we have already achieved the reputation of having a high intellectual calibre.

As we close this chroniicle, it would not be amiss to commend the three men who have guided our destinies during this final year. Brother Brendan Patrick, that unbreakable bubble of Irish effervescence has imparted to us more history than we ever believed possible and his wit and personality coupled with his delightful brogue have made him unforgettable. Brother Bernard Henry and his ready humour will also long occupy a place in our memories. His vast store of knowledge and the ability to impart it is a gift bestowed on few. Brother Bartholomew John has so skillfully seasoned his English IV lessons that his course is practically a liberal education. His genius in dramatics and public speaking has been exemplified by the young men he has tutored. As our Senior Moderator, he has done an admirable piece of work in sponsoring and guiding all our activities this past year. We are indeed fortunate to have such a brilliant man as a professor and friend.

Brother Amedy John's painstaking labor on our behalf, we know will always prove fruitful. The individual attention he has given us, in the midst of his many duties has endeared him to us and we cannot help but admire the well regulated system now employed at La Salle, which is the result of this capable leadership and tireless efforts.

It would be superfluous to mention the many achievements accomplished by our beloved principal, Brother Raymund, who along with us leaves La Salle this year. He has worked miracles with our Alma Mater to bring it to the high standard it has today. We like to feel that our tenure in this glorious old school is linked with his and that our success may in a small way compare with his long list of outstanding achievement.

Now as we reckon the score for the past four years, we find that we are vast gainers. Our characters have been moulded and strengthened under the Christ-like influence of the Christian Brothers; scores of lasting friendships have been made; knowledge and culture have been acquired, and having been schooled in our blessed faith, we have come to appreciate it as the motivating force of life. This gain has been enriched by watching with pride the continued development of our school whose future greatness and fame we can readily predict. In that bright future may La Salle look back upon her sons of 1941 and be proud.

CLASS OF 1941

Joseph T. Abbott
Joseph P. Amerio
Francis C. Antonucci
George R. Audette
Frank A. Barr
James T. Barrett
John E. Benson, Jr.
John F. Benson
Lawrence J. Bizzarro
George A. Blais
Robert W. Bowe
John G. Brigham
James F. Broderick
Donald J. Buckley
John P. Buckley
Robert B. Buckley
Edmund J. Burke
Thomas P. Callahan
Walter P. Campbell
Joseph V. Cannon
Edmund G. Carey
Clement J. Carmody
Thomas E. Carpenter
Harold A. Ceccucci
John L. Conroy
William J. Conway, Jr.
Thomas E. Couch
Edward G. Courchain
John F. Cuerdon
William L. Cunningham
Cornelius J. Dean
Edward F. Dougherty
Lawrence P. Doyle
William F. Dugan
William P. Duncan
William E. Dunn
Bernard F. Dwyer
M. Andrew Dwyer, Jr.
William L. Dyer
Joseph F. Evers
John J. Fe'ock, Jr.
Raymond T. Finnan
James W. Fitzgerald, Jr.
Karl E. Frank
Donald A. Gagnon
John J. Gavin
William J. Glass
George H. Gould
Joseph G. Gratton
Emmett W. Green
David F. Griffin, Jr.
Edward J. Guiro
Chester J. Halpin
James P. Hanrahan
William J. Hart
James P. Hennessy
Paul F. Hopper
Frank E. Hutton
Leo R. Jillisky
Frank J. Kane
Eugene L. Kelly
Christopher J. King
James F. Kirby
Hugh B. Kolenberg
James W. Layden
Henry J. Lewandoski
Michael D. Lombard
Walter R. Lyons, Jr.
John J. MacKenzie
John J. Mahar
Paul D. Mahoney
George L. Mailloux, Jr.
Thomas J. Malone
William F. Malone
Michael G. Maloney
Timothy M. Maloney
John F. Marshall
John J. McCarthy, Jr.
James M. McGirr
John F. McGloyn
Edward V. McGrath
Thomas E. McShane
George A. Mealey
Armand C. Melanson
Richard E. Meoli
Clinton Mochon
Donald J. Morrissey
John T. Murphy
Thomas F. Murphy, Jr.
Thomas M. Nash
Francis D. Noble
John J. O'Brien
Daniel A. O'Connor
Luke C. O'Hearn, Jr.
John W. O'Rourke
Lionel J. Ouimet
Wilfred C. Palin, Jr.
Donald T. Pemrick
Gerald F. Peel
Stephen P. Pontus
Harold T. Potts
Homer F. Pougart, Jr.
William L. Purtell
Philip J. Riley, Jr.
Carlo N. Rinaldi
Armand J. Rivers
Benjamin T. Robinson
Joseph B. Roullier
Francis J. Rush
Alphonse J. Salluzzo
John J. Sandridge
Daniel A. Sheehan
John T. Simmons
Edward J. Snow
Alfred F. Tittel
John G. Vandenburgh
Raymond W. Wachtel
Joseph L. Walker
Joseph C. Warnock
Joseph D. Welsh
Joseph L. Welch
Howard L. Whalen
George J. Yamin

Michael G. Maloney

.... Autographs ....

George Maillaux

Paul H. Hopper

Neal J. Dean

Murph Blair

James McGuire

John Bingham

Frank E. Fitzpatrick (Int Secret)

Bert Robinson (USN)

Kelly XI Co

Ed. Carey